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DOCTOR ROLFE AND DOCTOR FURNIVALL.

On July 1st, 1910, there died in London the famous Dr. Furnivall, who for more than a generation has been the English Shakespearean per se—hardly a work touching Shakespeare or Shakespeare material having appeared for that length of time (certainly none since the death of Dr. Halliwell-Phillips in 1890) without either being written, edited, prepared for the press, or accompanied by what he delighted to call "Forewords" by him.

On July 6th, 1910, there died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr. William J. Rolfe, who on this side of the water, has been known as the most popular editor and teacher of Shakespeare, having since about the year 1871 practically devoted his entire life to that branch of literature.

It is interesting to compare the Shakespearean publication of Dr. Furnivall with those of Dr. Rolfe. To the former a Shakespearean play was a problem to be solved; to the latter it was mainly a textbook to be taught to pupils. The former was a speculator, a daring originator, the latter was an earnest educator.

Born at Newburyport, December 10, 1827, William James Rolfe spent most of his boyhood at Lowell, where he prepared for college. Having entered Amherst at the age of seventeen, he was already showing the talent for languages which distinguished him through life, when lack of means compelled him to cut short his college course and look for work. An institution known as Day's Academy, at Wrentham, had gone bankrupt; and Rolfe was offered the use of the premises rent free if he could resuscitate it. As the only master he was forced to hold some sixteen classes daily, and to teach pupils of all ages between ten and twenty-five in subjects ranging from elementary grammar to the college entrance requirements in Greek and Latin; and at the end of a day of this he would teach Spanish and

Italian to private pupils. One may marvel that a pedagogue so situated should have been inspired to introduce another subject, unrequested and hitherto untried, into his overloaded curriculum. But Rolfe found time to do so, and in the act he unwittingly laid the foundation for the work in which he spent most of the remaining sixty years of his life. The subject was the systematic study of the English language and literature through direct contact with English classics; and this enterprise attained such importance in the schools throughout the country that its originator was called on to devote himself exclusively to the preparation of texts to facilitate it.

To-day, when such instruction is admittedly essential in every school curriculum, one is likely to be surprised at finding that it was an innovation as late as 1850. When he went to Dorchester to take charge of the Public High School, there was some opposition to his scheme. Harvard gave no entrance examination in the mother tongue, and the pupils feared that the time spent on their own language would impair their familiarity with that of Xenophon or of Lucan. So Rolfe wrote to Prof. Felton of Harvard, asking whether some knowledge of English might not redeem the possibly resultant deficiencies in Greek. The answer illustrates a movement in American education which, for good or bad, has not yet spent itself: "Go ahead with the English, and let the Greek take care of itself."

In the years following Dr. Rolfe served as principal in the high schools at Lawrence, Salem and Cambridge, until, in 1868, his English editorial work began to demand so much effort that he definitely gave up the ferule for the pen. Cambridge was his home for the remainder of his life, and though he left it as many as eighteen times for trips to Europe, he was almost ceaselessly at work on the editions of the English classics which his innovation had made necessary.

The demand that followed his edition of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1870 induced his publishers, The Harpers of New York City to undertake the complete Shakespeare which he edited in forty volumes before 1883 and thoroughly revised twenty years later, these forty volumes including not only the thirty-six canonical plays, but "Edward the Sixth," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," which Dr. Rolfe with a catholic spirit not entirely consistent with the orthodoxy he demanded elsewhere, saw fit to admit. His edition of Craik's "English of Shakespeare" had preceded this; his "Shakespeare the Boy" and his very creditable but somewhat timid "Life of William Shakespeare" followed it.

It may be doubted whether any school edition of Shakespeare has sur-

passed that of Dr. Rolfe in usefulness, and it is fairly certain that any that may ever do so will owe much of its success, directly or indirectly, to his example. If his work is not so original as that of Furnivall, neither is it so erratic. If it is frankly compilation in the main, it is among the sanest compilations. And if as compilation it is again over-shadowed by the work of Dr. Furness, it is easily differentiated by its purpose; it is a work for students, not for advanced scholars. Its especial purpose it probably serves as well as any edition of Shakespeare has ever served a particular aim. It is certainly better than any other school Shakespeare.

The deaths of two octogenarian Shakespeare scholars in a single week appear to challenge a comparison between them. But if that question be limited to a consideration as to which of these has rendered the greater services to mankind—or to that fraction of it which cares for Shakespeare matters—I think the answer would not be far to seek. From the beginning to the end of his career, Shakespeare matters were only incidental among Dr. Furnival's activities. The early English Texts (i. e. those texts that long preceded that "middle English" of which Shakespeare is exemplary) really received the best industries of his long and laborious life.

Born February 4, 1825, Frederick J. Furnivall was early sent to school at Englefield Green. At sixteen he was sent to London to study medicine; at seventeen he entered Cambridge to study mathematics and aquatics; and at twenty, after taking his degree, he entered Lincoln's Inn to study law. And in due time was called to the bar. While at Cambridge he built the fastest sculling boat that had ever been built in England, and thus entered on his lifelong career as an oarsman; and while at Lincoln's Inn, his zeal was for civic reform. With Frederick Demson Maurice and others he built a Ragged school, which was soon filled with ragged and verminous children. They washed the children, got them clothes, and took them on trips to the country. They cleaned out tenements, agitated for fresh air and sanitation, advised labor-unions, founded workingmen's clubs, instituted a kind of employment bureau, effected a new system of work and wages for longshoremen, interviewed Palmerston, Disraeli and the Prince Consort and finally managed to erect a workingman's college. They enlisted the ardor of such men as Ruskin, Rossetti, Millais, Burne-Jones and Holman Hunt; and Charles Kingsley. The young reformers had at last found their occupation, and they had their hands full to take care of the inrush of students. Maurice was the first principal. Maurice was followed by Thomas Hughes and the latter by Sir John Lubbock; and Professor Dicey. But even all this was not enough for

Dr. Furnivall's energies. Forsaking the law he launched a dozen further enterprises in the interest of health and education. Several sculling clubs, a military corps, a botany club and a cycling club, the Ballad Society, the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, the New Shakespeare Society, the Shelley Society and the Browning Society.

When Dr. Murray launched his large New English Dictionary (which is not yet completed), Dr. Furnivall became a member of its editorial board, and suggested that as half of the quotations therein were to come from unpublished manuscripts he started an association for printing texts that would explain the dictionary. Thus the Early-English Text Society arose to put forth its six-score or more volumes. Among these being his editions of Stubbes' "Abuses," Harrison's "England," the "Ballads and popular Tales," the "Handlyng Synne," the "Babees Book" and "Child-Marriages."

In appearance, although the reverse of imposing, Dr. Furnivall was one of the most striking figures in London. He was peculiar in his dress to the point of picturesqueness; and there was a look of mingled keenness, kindliness and roguishness about his face—especially in his marvelously piercing eyes—that left a lively memory in the mind of any man who saw him.

Irritating as was his slap-you-in-the back style of writing, one must agree that at least it was not pedantic. A purist when it came to annotation in his composition he spelled as he pleased, wrote a "t" for "ed", etc., and into the profoundest excursus would run mention of a friend or an acquaintance by name, or allude to a regatta or athletic prize captured by one of his sons or cronies or anything else that occurred to him. Of the dignity of any subject he never seemed to have any confidence or care. He described himself as a "christian socialist" and it is notable that the first announcement of his death mentioned him as "a Civic Reformer, a teetotaler, and an athlete," with not a word of his claim to be that which we have oftenest regarded him as in these pages, a Shakespearean scholar.

Indeed, it may be doubted whether Dr. Furnival added anything at all to our Shakespeare quarries. He was a man of strong opinion, impatient of contradiction, apt to even be violent when one did not agree with him, and with an infirmity of temper that tempted his neighbors to permit him to enjoy his opinions entirely without contradiction on their part. He was apt to pre-conceive opinions or to accept and adopt them according to his personal likes and dislikes of those holding or advancing them. And I believe there is no record of an occasion upon which he even ever admitted himself mistaken or changed his mind. It is related that, being a pro-

nounced "Pembrokeite" or "Southamptonite (I forgot which) in the controversy as to whether Shakespeare dedicated his sonnets to Lord Pembroke or to Lord Southampton, he was once shown a scrap of writing, found in some ancient garret, which appeared to be evidence to the contrary of his opinion, and he immediately threw it into the fire, or otherwise destroyed it, saying, "Well *that* argument is out of the way anyhow." (My memory is that this is somewhere related by Dr. Furnivall himself!) A later instance was when a Diary was discovered about eight years ago, written by one Sir John Mennes. In this was the ambiguous sentence "I remember Will Shakespeare's father, a red cheeked old man who said he durst crack a joke with him any time." This Dr. Furnivall immediately interpreted to mean that the father, John Shakespeare, was "a red-cheeked old gentleman." And on being shown proof that this Sir John Mennes was not born until after John Shakespeare died, he (Dr. Furnivall), replied "I don't care. I shan't give up my red-cheeked old father."

So far as is known, Dr. Furnivall attempted no research otherwise than in libraries, and no labor on the text except etymologicaly or commentatorially. He certainly attempted no search for vestiges, origins or data as to authorship, such as we now call "The Higher Criticism," (that is, criticism *higher up,* i. e. towards the source of a thing) and such as distinguished Malone, Collier or Halliwell-Phillipps. Still less did he explore the muniment rooms and Public Records office for parchment, as our Dr. Wallace has so lately done. Dr. Furnivall's work was, as one might say, adoptive and opinionative. And his greatest fault was that if he adopted the opinion or point of view of a prior commentator he advocated it so strenuously as to run the risk of producing it ad absurdum. A notable example of this was the item of the "Verse Texts."

In 1858 Charles Bathurst wrote his "Remarks upon certain changes in Shakespeare's Versification." These changes were also noticed by James Spedding, who, however, only used them to speculate as to an alien authorship of certain occasional lines as passages in the play. But Dr. Furnivall took hold of them, and in a thrice, he developed an elaborate system of "stopt-endings", "unstopt-ending" (sic) "run-in-lines," "weak-endings," etc., etc., and upon them constructed an entire chronology for the plays. And he actually founded a society to exploit these "verse tests," and the spectacle of a lot of grizzled old gentlemen counting lines on their fingers brought so much ridicule on the society that although it did much really great and clever work aliunde, it finally came to an abrupt explosion and disappeared forever. Although the name had nowhere in printed literature, from its

first appearance in 1598, been spelled otherwise than S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-A-R-E, (except that in several instances it was hyphenated between the "Shake" and the "speare"). Dr. Furnivall announced that the true spelling was "S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-R-E," and as to this he stoutly threw down his gauntlet and fought all comers. And the Society he founded was therefore "The New Shakspere Society," although its predecessor had been "The Shakespeare Society."

Nobody can deny that he was a picturesque figure in recent English literature. And in actual life too those who have seen him, with his strong Jewish cast of countenance and peculiarity of garb—not unlike a Jewish Gaberdine—drinking weak tea with a coterie of old ladies of both sexes at the London luncheon hour, will admit his attractions. But his chiefest failing was an utter lack of any sense of humor. He saw nothing ridiculous in gravely dividing Shakespeare's Plays into "groups" (the "Sunny-and Sweet-Time" group, the Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Rurden-Falling Group," etc.) and to the cachinnation which these, and to the ad absurdum limits to which he carried his "Verse-Tests," invoked, he was absolutely impervious. He even once gravely announced that he had discovered what "Scammels from the rocks" (which Caliban had offered to fetch for Trinculo) were! And when it was pointed out to him that every Variorum Shakespeare already contained the information, he was unable to see why his announcement of his "discovery" was anything less valuable. Dr. Rolfe on the contrary was a really constructive scholar. Hardworking, exquisitely conscientious, he repressed himself always. His only star was the text, and his only aim to illuminate it. He once told me that he sometimes would go through the entire Barton Collection of Shakespeareana in the Boston Public Library, three or four times de novo in editing a single page of a Play! Modest and diffident and scholarly as he was, his sense of humor was acute, and though he never yielded to it in his printed matter (as Dr. Furness, I am delighted to say, often does, and the world is all the richer because he does!) I rarely if ever had a letter from him in our twenty-five years of intimate correspondence in which he did not take some droll view of something or other. He always had especially some funny allusion to my "Shakespearean myth" (a book which I wrote about thirty-five years ago to objectively estimate the Bacon-Shakespearean question, in which I was, no doubt justly accused of letting the Whig dogs—i. e.—the Baconians—get the best of it! I ought to have been pardoned, however, for at the most I only suggested that "Shakespeare" like "Homer" was a noun of multitude! Neither Dr. Rolfe nor Dr. Furnivall had any disposition for the Baconian

theory. But their respective positions to it differed as widely as did their treatment of the plays. Dr. Rolfe was willing to traverse the Baconian evidence to it. Dr. Furnivall would only tell its apostles to apply for admission to the nearest asylum for the insane. (I have been told that the utmost Dr. Furness will say is "I thank God I don't know who wrote Shakespeare!" But this I note as hearsay only.) The treatment of either of them, however, was preferable to that of Mr. George Brandes, who only could sneer that the Baconian theory was "American," (not a fact, by the way, for it originated in London in or about the year 1800 (New Shakespeareana, Vol. VI, page 42.) Mr. Brandes, by the way, is not even an American, but a native of the little state of Denmark which decorated Dr. Cook. This is about the size of a respectable peanut and so whether Mr. Brandes uses the word "America" as meaning the Continent or the United States his comment suggests the three tailors of Tooley street, who styled themselves "We the people of England.")

Dr. Rolfe and I had many conversations upon the dear old authorship theory. I suppose I annoyed the good doctor by my somewhat inconsistent attitude. For I never regarded it at all except pour s'amuser avec le moutarde, whereas Dr. Rolfe took it very much to heart. But all our conversations ended in perfect good nature and agreement to disagree usually by my saying "Well, if Bacon had signed his name to the Plays, nobody might have believed that he wrote them!

Poor Bacon! He had Mr. Whistlers gentle art of making enemies in high places to perfection, and when he got to be Lord Chancellor his enemies worked his downfall, and he has been unfashionable ever since. I know of nothing quite so unpopular on earth as the Baconian Theory, which is perhaps why I can't help a sneaking fondness for it. I should lose confidence in it myself, or in any other of my personal opinions perhaps, if I found it grown to be the opinion of the market place. But I doubt if in all Dr. Rolfe's long life, he ever spoke an unkind word of a fellow student, or of any body else, or connected a criticism, however strenuous, with the personality of the critic. He died, I believe, as he had lived, with nothing but friends to survive him.

Dr. Furnivall left behind him (I am speaking of him now as a Shakespearean) an edition of Shakespeare, the Leopold, in which the plays are arranged in a chronological order, constructed according to his bizarre Verse Tests (the value of which, to say the least, is not universally conceded) which, in view of the fact that Shakespeare is a household work for reference and constant use, is much as if a lexicographer should re-arrange

the alphabet, on the theory that an M was invented before an A, a Z before a B, etc., etc." To look for the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," as following the "Tempest," as the first folio editors placed it in 1623, when in a hurry to verify a quotation and to be compelled to absorb Dr. Furnivall's theory as to when that play was composed in order to get at it at all, is somewhat calculated to irritate; at least it does not lead us to induce us to mention the name of Furnivall in our prayers. Dr. Rolfe left behind him, probably, millions of men and women to whom his little books had rendered Shakespeare available. His small volumes in paper covers at twenty-five cents or so, in stiff board at a few cents more, appealed to everyone at this price. But the price was the only cheap thing about them. They were beautifully printed, scrupulously edited, contained of each play a glossary, an exemplary selection of comments upon the particular play—statement of its sources, the authorities followed in its composition, indexs to all these, indeed everything the student could possibly need. Beyond even the enormous demand for these booklets, was the high testimony of sedulous imitation in England and Germany. (Many in England and at least one in Germany copying the arrangement and method for readers as well as for elementary scholars.)

Dr. Furnivall left behind him a record of quarrels, attacks upon fellow scholars, at least one libel suit in which he was mulcted in costs, and besides the Leopold Shakespeare, above noted, a great many "Forewords" to separate plays written in a finicky, phonetic and freaky style, interspersed with remarks upon almost anything that happened to pop into Dr. Furnivall's head. Criticisms not always appreciated by them or his friends and his enemies, and so on. Curiosities perhaps, but certainly interruptions for all practical purpose. On the other hand, no one need fear to waste a moment in consulting Dr. Rolfe's little books. If the consulter knows what he wants to find he can turn to it in a moment in Dr. Rolfe's admirable little volumes and absorb the information he seeks almost at a glance. And if he does not know, Dr. Rolfe will gently, nine cases out of ten, lead him to it.

Not the least valuable criteria of comparison between these two learned Thebaus would be the contemporary criticism their works invoked. Probably there was little if anything that Dr. Furnivall wrote (other than textual annotation or comment of course) that escaped adverse or captious criticism. I believe it safe to assert, on the other hand, that nothing of Dr. Rolfe's work failed to elicit high and generous approval. In short while nothing of Dr. Furnivall's (except as above parenthasized) lacked

some personal flavor, all of Dr. Rolfe's work was suppressive to elimination of any personal flavor whatever. Everybody must admit that in these fields Dr. Rolfe was a godsend and a public benefactor. Distinguished as Dr. Furnivall was, and manifold as were his activities, we can hardly imagine anyone applying those epithets to him. Neither Dr. Rolfe nor Dr. Furnivall could perhaps have been called "brilliant." But Dr. Rolfe was something better than brilliant. He was safe, absolutely accurate and safe. I do not hesitate to say that since the "printers" who printed the Quartos (without which we probably would never have possessed any "Shakespeare" at all) Dr. Rolfe has done more for the propaganda of Shakespeare's Play, than any man that ever lived. Both Dr. Rolfe and Dr. Furnivall founded and energetically engineered Browning Societies. But both soon sheathed their swords for lack of argument. The remark of the witty person that, "since no one man could understand Browning, only corporations could undertake the job," may be true. But it appears that these corporations soon found that, while Browning would supply plenty of field for digging, the yield would not justify the labor. To toil all day to unearth only a nugget of conventional optimism or a statement that two and two made four was discouraging, or that to be good was to be happy, or that it was wrong to tell lies. Both Shakespeare and Browning were optimists to be sure. But whatever may ultimately become of the Shakespeare Societies it is a patent and potent fact that all the Browning societies have disappeared.

But the greatest service which Dr. Rolfe did to Shakespeare readers, was in his delicate and judicious expurgation of the plays. It was inevitable that they should be to some extent expurgated for modern ears. Any literature that persists through several centuries must necessarily be prepared for the latest general reader, if worth the general readers' while. Moreover, in Shakespeare's day, his civilization was not complex. That which we now call "wit" and that which we now call "humor" (those words respectively meant merely "knowledge" and habit, inclination or whim or fancy then) were quite as common to mankind then as now. But unfortunately there was little but the relations of the sexes for their objective, and so even for the modern stage it is necessary to eliminate a certain coarseness, etc. A certain Dr. Bowdler had once attempted this expurgation of Shakespeare. But he had done it so absurdly that his "Household Shakespeare" is a comic monstrosity, and the name "Bowdler" a synonyn for anything absurdly prudish and mawkish. Dr. Rolfe did his expurgating so carefully that it is doubtful if what he eliminated is ever missed at all, or if without considerable study, the expurgated matter could be supplied. He

did it without altering a syllable that Shakespeare wrote or interfering with the burden or the significance of the context (and by the way, if anyone wishes to see the difference between Shakespeare and the Shakespearean Dramatists, how immeasurably cleaner and purer his drama was than theirs, let him try this expurgation process upon these Elizabethan Dramatists, or upon any one of them. I doubt if he could expurgate one of them without destroying not only this context but the very fibre of their work.)

As Dr. Rolfe proceeded in his work of editing the plays, his own scope and appreciation of the Plays enlarged. As we have seen, he was not at the outset a Shakespearean student. But a teacher of English who tries to be a conscientious teacher of English does not proceed very far without arriving at the conviction that the English language is Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare is the English language!

Dr. Rolfe himself tells us in a preface to his edition that the suggestion of it came from his publishers. Dr. Rolfe had prepared a little edition of Goldsmith for his (Dr. Rolfe's) pupils, and the system was so admirable and proves so acceptable, that his publishers proposed to take each Shakespeare play separately and handle it in precisely this way. That his success with "The Merchant" led to his publishers encouraging the entire series have already noted. The Rolfe edition as now printed has been revised and collated with itself, so to speak, so that the user of it does not perceive (nor is it necessary that he should, it would interfere with his purposes and the value of the edition if he should perceive it) this various enlargement. But one who possesses the original editions, as it appeared, one volume at a time in those small russet cloth bindings from the press of the Messrs. Harpers, will see how habitude produced dexterity and how Dr. Rolfe's editorial work constantly increased in richness and value from the "Friendly Edition" of 1885 to the present edition published, I think, by the American Book Company. Dr. Rolfe would not concede that Shakespeare was of the Old Faith. He even maintained that John Shakespeare, the father, was a Protestant and we went over the long question on proper aim over our cups and our cigars many a time and oft. I think while stoutly disagreeing with me about this as about almost everything else, he rather conceded that I was right about that diplomatic entry on the Stratford town records, that "He (John Shakespeare) cometh not to church for fear of process for debt on Sundays,) when I showed him that Sunday was actually the only day on which a man could come out of his house (an Englishman's castle) without danger of civil process at all.

As to the common place argument as to Shakespeare's want of author-

ities, opportunities, references, etc., etc., Dr. Rolfe fell back upon the miracle. But admitting the miracle I would urge with all reverence that even the new testament miracles presupposed a substance to work upon. There must have been water to turn into wine. A loaf and a fish to multiply to feed the multitude, a cadaver to be raised from the dead, etc.

Genius might achieve principles, but not the accepted terminologies. Pascal as an infant worked out the problems of geometry. But he knew not the word "lines" and "circles", but called them "bars" and "rounds." But Dr. Rolfe like Gallio cared for none of these things, not even when referring to his achievement of making the study of English recognizable in the curricula of American universities and colleges. "My dear Doctor," I used to say, how you and I have ransacked the old chronicles without being able to discover that (in the days that Shakespeare as you assert, was a pupil in the Stratford grammar school) it ever entered into anybody's head that an English boy ought to study his mother tongue. You yourself did not assert that he ought to until 1845 or 1850, and you know how hard it was for you to convince a college president that anything besides what one's ancestors did or thought ought to be done or thought. Did it ever occur to you in all these thirty years that you have been editing and teaching Shakespeare's English, that Shakespeare himself never studied English? Would such a suggestion appear to you to have any bearing on the Bacon or any anti-Shakespearean authorship question?" But it was no use. The utmost that he would say, "I see that you are an incorrigible heretic and I believe you will die in your sins." And as in Mr. Dobson's "Curé's Progress" our dispute

> "Would ended be with a "Ma foi, Oui!"
> And a pinch from the Curé's box."

Only it was apt to be a drop from a bottle of my rare old Whiskey, rather than a pinch of snuff, that ended our loving warfare.

But Dr. Rolfe nevertheless would admit, if pressed hard, that, firm as was his faith, many really learned men of profound and sincere scholarship had succumbed to Shakespearean heterodoxy and that "Baconianism" was no longer a synonym for intellectual night! In its estimate of Dr. Furnivall the London "Athenaeum" remarked "He was the most striking personality [of his day?] in the ranks of English Scholarship. * * * Regarded as a scholar he was historical rather than scientific; attracted by the human interest in books where the scientific student sees only nice prob-

lems in philosophy. His adoption of what he thought a simplified spelling, was the result of the mysterious attraction that the apparatus of a scientific method has for an unscientific mind. He had a retentive memory, an enormous industry and the rapid judgment of a scholar combined with the high spirits and slangy speech of a school-boy. * * * No student of early English literature can go far towards its sources without coming upon his work," which, allowing for the somnolent fossilification of the "Athenaeum" diction, is fairly just to the memory of one of its oldest contributors. I have remarked above that it was doubtful if Dr. Furnivall ever added a morsel to our knowledge of Shakespeare. I suppose I should have said "It is certain that he never added anything to our knowledge of Shakespeare." Frankly neither did Dr. Rolfe. But, whereas Dr. Furnivall clouded counsel and strewed pitfalls in our pathways, Dr. Rolfe certainly has made Shakespeare easy going to millions of young Americans.

APPLETON MORGAN.

SHAKESPEARE AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It is claimed that between Shakespeare and Dickens, English Literature has added but three characters to Fiction, Sir Roger DeCoverley, Old Mortality and Dominie Sampson. Fortunately it is not possible for some of our literary muckrakers to show that Shakespeare did not steal these from himself. Whatever our claim, we must admit that the following paper contributed by Sir James Chrichton-Brown to the February Contemporary Review is a refreshment in convertable Shakespearean criticism.

Swift truly said: "If I light my candle from another, that does not "affect my property in the wick and the tallow." Scott had an unlimited supply of wick and tallow of his own, but he sometimes lighted his dips (and dips he called his novels, for he once triumphantly exclaimed to Ballantyne, when contemplating a cheap and popular issue of them, "We must have dips for our wax candles"), when he had not a spunk of his own handy, at the taper or torch of someone who had gone before him. It seems to me that in the case of "The Bride of Lammermoor" he derived illumination more than once from Shakespeare's inverted torch of "Hamlet," lurid and brilliantly flaming, and that he did so under circumstances of rare psychological interest.

"Hamlet" is, at any rate in the popular judgment, the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, and "The Bride of Lammermoor" is by general con-

sent the greatest of Scott's novels. "It is to my fancy," said Lockhart, "the "most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned." Mr. Gladstone told Lord Ashbourne that "The Bride of Lammermoor" was his favourite amongst the novels of his favourite novelist, and Lord Lytton said, "There are three masterpieces in narrative which can never be too much studied—the " 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' the 'Bride of Lammermoor' and 'Tom Jones.' "

Many other eminent authorities might be cited to bear testimony to the primacy that "The Bride of Lammermoor" holds in the Waverley group, a primacy analogous to that of "Hamlet" amongst Shakespeare's plays. Of all Shakespeare's plays "Hamlet" has most of the amplification of the novel, and of all Scott's novels "The Bride of Lammermoor" is most dramatic in its treatment, and both of these great works have exactly the same tragic touch. In both there is the same fierce conflict of vengeance and remorse, love, hatred, with supernatural terror brooding over all. In both the action sweeps on, and one feels it from the first like a torrent, hurrying on its dark and resistless course all the personages concerned, the good and the wicked, towards a catastrophe not brought about by human will, but dug by destiny.

It is not, however, instinct or tendency—that of all noble tragedy since the trilogy of Æschylus—that I would suggest relationship betwixt "Hamlet" and "Lammermoor,"—but in a number of particulars, a few of which I will enumerate, leaving it to the remembrance of those who know the play and the novel to fill in my rough outline.

The scene of the play and the novel are strikingly alike. "Hamlet" is mainly enacted on the battlements and in the halls of the Castle of Elsinore, a rugged Danish stronghold commanding the entrance to the Baltic, perched high above turbulent waters and probably visited by Shakespeare. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is mainly enacted on the battlements or in the halls of Wolf's Crag, a grey, half-ruined fortalice, placed on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean—in reality Fast Castle, which was well known to Sir Walter Scott.

But more significant than the scenery is the human element in "Hamlet" and "Lammermoor," and that is often in close agreement in the two. Hamlet and the Master of Ravenswood are twin brothers; intellectually they are akin; Hamlet soars into the loftiest region of human thought, and Ravenswood is the most highly gifted and reflective of all Scott's heroes. Each is under a vow to revenge a murdered father, and in both the vow has a supernatural sanction. Hamlet was under commandment of his father's

ghost. Ravenswood, after witnessing his father's dying agonies and hearing the curses he breathed against his adversary, secretly at midnight cut a lock from his hair, and as it consumed in the fire, swore that his rage and revenge should pursue his enemies until they shrivelled up like that scorched symbol of annihilation. For both the times were out of joint, and both, pushed on by events, found that the impossible was required of him. Both were in love, each with a woman lovely, soft and yielding, wanting in power of resistance; and each found in his love his ruin and frustration. The one was the counterpart of the other in form, feature and attire; Hamlet is described as of princely form and manly bearing, was clad in "inky "cloak and customary suit of solemn black;" and the Master of Ravenswood, of majestic mien and regular features, wore a loose mourning cloak thrown round him, and a Montero cap with a black feather that drooped over his brow.

Ophelia and Lucy Ashton are twin sisters. Both are young, fair, inexperienced girls, and it is their innocence, sweetness and weakness, in the straits in which they are placed, that move our profound pity. Both fondly open their hearts to a young love that rends them. Both sacrifice their love to paternal authority, and both, by this and by their lover's reproaches, are maddened with a madness that runs into babbling, despair and death. One cannot hear Ophelia's "To-morrow will be Saint Valentine's Day," without thinking of Lucy Ashton's "Tak' up your bonny bridegroom." Both were buried with maimed rites.

"Must there no more be done?" asks Laertes at the funeral of Ophelia.

"No more," the priest replies.

> "We should profane the service of the dead
> To sing a requiem and such rest to her
> As to peace parted souls."

"The melancholy ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott of the funeral of Lucy Ashton, "was performed in the misty dawn of an autumn morning "with such moderate attendance and ceremony as could not be dispensed "with. Here in a coffin, bearing neither name nor date, were consigned to "dust the remains of what was once lovely, beautiful and innocent, though "exasperated to frenzy by a long tract of unremitting persecution."

With Laertes, Ophelia's brother in "Hamlet," Colonel Ashton, Lucy Ashton's brother in "The Bride of Lammermoor," had much in common. Both took it upon them to avenge what they considered their sister's wrong,

and both had an encounter with him who had wronged her, as they believed, over that sister's grave. Hamlet fell in a duel with Laertes; the Master of Ravenswood was engulfed in the quicksand while hurrying sword in hand to a duel with Colonel Ashton.

I could carry the comparison between characters in "Hamlet" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" further, but do not wish to labour the case. I should like to point out, however, some structural resemblances. In both there is supernatural machinery: in "Hamlet" the ghost of his father, majestical, armour clad, beckoning away and delivering its dread secret and charge; in "The Bride of Lammermoor," the ghost of Blind Alice at the Mermaid's Well, shrouded and wan, appearing to Ravenswood at the hour of her death, and the crisis of his fate, with warning hand and mutterings of withered lips. In both there is a picture scene, "Look here upon this "picture and on this," and in both a churchyard scene, with an interview between the hero and a sententious grave-digger.

Not incomparable with Shakespeare's supreme touch in Hamlet's last words: "the rest is silence" is Scott's closing incident of the finding by Caleb Balderston on the Kelpie's flow of the large sable feather, the sole vestige that remained of the vanished Master of Ravenswood.

"He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow
And his name shall be lost for evermo'e."

There are, no doubt, other reflections of Shakespeare in "The Bride "of Lammermoor." The sudden and passionate attachment of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, intervening in the hereditary feud of their families, recalls Romeo and Juliet, and the three village hags are reminiscent of the witches in "Macbeth;" but it was assuredly "Hamlet" that haunted the corridors of Sir Walter Scott's brain while he was inditing this "Tale of a "Landlord," and high psychological interest attaches to the question how the Hamletular infusion took place in the circumstances under which "The "Bride of Lammermoor" was written? It was composed in April, 1819, while Scott was passing through an acute attack of an intensely painful and prostrating malady from which he suffered at intervals for years. The malady was called cramp of the stomach, or spasms, but, looking back on it now in the light of modern experience, there is no difficulty in recognizing it as gallstones, a malady which did not finally carry him off, but which caused him the utmost distress, and must have absolutely disabled any man of less buoyant temperament and less resolute will, a malady, let me

add, of which he could now have been promptly relieved. He was emaciated and broken down, with scarcely muscular strength enough to hold himself upright, lying upon a sofa, sick, and often turning himself upon his pillow with a groan of torment, as he dictated to Laidlaw and Ballantyne "The "Bride of Lammermoor." His sentences were sometimes interrupted by cruel pangs, "but," says Laidlaw, "when duologue of peculiar animation was "in progress, spirit seemed to triumph over matter, he arose from his couch "and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, "as it were, acting the part."

And very remarkable was one of the consequences of the mental effort under such adverse conditions. The book, says James Ballantyne, "was "not only written but published before Scott was able to rise from his "bed; and he assured me that when it was first put into his hands in a "complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character or con- "versation it contained. He did not desire to convey that his illness had "erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which "he had been acquainted from boyhood. These remained rooted where "they had ever been, or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the facts "of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the "lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride up- "on the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All "these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed, but "he literally recollected nothing else—not a single character woven by the "romance, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor anything "with which he was connected as the writer of the work. For a long time," he said, "I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I "should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and grotesque."

That Scott's mind was in a state of abnormal exaltation when he produced "The Bride of Lammermoor" is clear. He wrote himself at this time: "I certainly began to have some doubts whether the mischief was not "getting at my mind."

"I had another of my attacks," he wrote again, "and felt as if a phan- "tasmagoria was going on around me." He had been having large doses of opium, and it may well have been that in the phantasmagoria in which he was involved, the mind not only failed to register its processes, but was inundated by figures and images rising spontaneously from the mysterious depths of memory, affinitive impressions and reminiscences in the guise of new conceptions. It may well have been that as Scott, in sore travail, stitched the glorious tapestry of "The Bride of Lammermoor," some old Shakespearean threads that came to hand got mixed up with it.

MR. MARTIN TAKES ISSUE WITH DR. WALLACE AS TO THE ACTUAL SITE OF THE GLOBE THEATRE.

In our issue of December, 1909 (Vol. VIII, page 124) we give Dr. Wallace's reasons for determining the actual site of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, and the London "Shakespeare Reading Society's" determination, in spite of those reasons to place a commemorative bronze upon the wall of Messrs. Barclay & Perkin's brewery, Southwark, approximately marking the spot where it believes the Old Globe stood.

Mr. William Martin now contributes to "The Surrey Archaeological Collections" a careful resumé of the evidence both for and against Dr. Wallace's theory (and equally for and against his own theory, or conviction that the Society was right and Dr. Wallace wrong.

Mr. Martin divides his communication into three synopses, viz: Documents of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; (2) printed and oral accounts which, purporting to describe the position of "The Globe Playhouse," were not in general of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; and (3) sixteenth and seventeenth century maps, news, and plans of London and Southwark. For the purpose of following his investigation it is only necessary to recollect that the Globe was built in December, 1598, or in January, 1599; that it was destroyed by fire in 1613 and rebuilt the next year, and that in 1644 it was pulled down by Sir Matthew Brand, the freeholder. From this time onward the site of the famous playhouse began to be forgotten, until at the present day its position can only be arrived at by reasoned conjecture.

Of the many documents of a legal, semi-legal, or business character referred to, the Coram Rege Roll, 1616, discovered by Dr. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, is of the greatest importance. In this interesting document there is set out as preliminary to a claim for damages the circumstances in which land on Bankside was leased for the building of a playhouse. This states that the boundaries of a plot upon which "a certain playhouse," the Globe, was erected, included "all that parcel of ground * * * lying and adjoining upon a way or lane there upon one side, and abutting upon a piece of land called the Park upon the north * * * and also that parcel of land * * * abutting upon a lane there called Maiden Lane toward the south." At first sight this seems to be fatal to the theory that the brewery covers the site of the Globe, for Maiden or Maid Lane, now corresponding to Park Street, lies to the north of the brewery. But, Dr. Martin points out, as this is opposed to the tenor of other evidence con-

cerning the site, another interpretation of which it is susceptible should perhaps be chosen, one that would indicate the site to have been to the south of Maid Lane. This southern attribution also fits in well with the position of the park, presumably the park of the Bishop of Winchester, of which there is ample proof that it lay to the south or southeast of Maid Lane. An ingenious but somewhat daring alternative explanation offered by Dr. Martin is that the individual who drew up the Osteler document erred in his orientation, probably by using a map in which by a not uncommon practice in those days the top edge lay to the south. Inverted in this way, the references to places in the document agree closely with the general body of evidence.

Another document quoted is a deed enrolled in Chancery, 3 Charles I., executed by Sir Matthew Brand of West Moulsey and Hillarie Memprise, citizen and haberdasher of London, which mentions "The alley or way leading to the Gloabe Playhouse, commonly called Gloabe Alley." This is compared with the fact that an alley called Globe Alley, which was swallowed up by the brewery in the eighteenth century, is mentioned in the brewery deeds as "leading in antient times to the then Globe playhouse." At the brewery also are preserved two documents that have always been kept in the same bundle and treated as part of the title of a particular piece of land. The first is a certified copy of a deed dated Dec. 21, 1706, referring to "messuages or tenements erected where the late playhouse the Globe stood," and the other document, dated Feb. 9, 1726-7, refers to a plot of land upon which a workhouse for the poor of Southwark was erected. Mr. Martin concludes, therefore, that the workhouse plot, which has been clearly identified in maps, and the plot upon which the Globe stood were the same. The printed and oral accounts cited, purporting to describe the position of the Globe and not of a legal or business character, unfortunately commence only in the eighteenth century. The first, in Aubrey's Surrey, 1719, favors the brewery site, as do a host of others of more or less authority. And there is the statement of Mrs. Thrale, the widow of Henry Thrale, the brewer, who died in 1781, to the effect that when her husband bought the alley (Globe Alley) there were still curious remains of the playhouse—a statement hardly consistent with the theory that a workhouse was erected on its site.

The third part of Mr. Martin's evidence—that obtained from sixteenth and seventeenth century map-views and plans of London—cannot be accepted without a certain amount of reservation. Many of them are bird's-eye views which, like the Visscher Panorama, circa 1616, place the Globe

apparently quite close to the Thames, while others possibly confuse the Globe with the Rose Playhouse. But as a result of a collection of all the maps of the period, Mr. Martin is satisfied that with one notable exception a playhouse, probably the Globe, is either clearly indicated to the south of Maid Lane, or its exact position north or south of that street is left an open question. He concludes an interesting paper by summing up in favor of the Globe's position as being between 100 feet to 200 feet south of the Globe memorial bronze. But he has an important postscript dealing with information given him while the paper was in the press. It relates to what may possibly have been a remarkable discovery made in 1891 which apparently has never been made public before. When one of the cellars of the brewery was being lowered, a semi-circular staging of wood about forty feet long by 30 feet wide was discovered at a depth of about four or five feet from the ground level. It was not the support of a vat, says the brewery clerk in the works, and it had nothing to with brewing operations. This staging, Mr. Martin suggests, may be the remains of the actual stage of the old Globe Theatre. If so it will tend to settle a good deal of controversy and we trust that Mr. Archer ——— and Dr. Albright.
(see ante, vol. VII, pp. 95 and 126) will advise us of their further studies of Elizabethan stage-construction as modified by this discovery.

Marginalia

We have received from the Howard Publishing Company of Detroit, Michigan, a volume "concerning the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon, discovered in his writings by Elizabeth Wells Gallup, Explanations, Reviews and Replies. This volume contains besides all the reviews favorable and instructive of Mrs. Gallup's claim which appeared so plentifully in the London newspapers, Mr. Mallock's articles in several magazines and, what is most valuable, specimens of Mrs. Gallup's readings, showing the two fonts of italic type she asserts to exist in the ancient texts she has examined.

There is much of value in two volumes of "Questions on Shakespeare," by Prof. Albert H. Tolman, (University of Chicago Press.)

The introductory volume opens with a treatise on the grammar of Shakespeare. The essay on his versification that follows is useful, though sometimes overnice. We cannot feel that we appreciate the

poetry of Shakespeare any more when we have learned that a certain line in "Julius Caesar" is in the form "ax+4xa," while the next line has the form "3xa+ax+xa." Poetry does not mix well with algebra. The last ninety pages of the volume are given to a bibliography.

The second volume begins the "Questions" proper, and covers the early histories, comedies, and poems of the dramatist. The teacher will find many of the questions valuable; let him avoid the few that show a leaning toward that wiredrawn analysis which have infected the teaching of Shakespeare in late years. If the student of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" cannot tell "how many of the stories in this play contain magical anointings," and cannot take "each story separately, state the successive anointings, telling in each case the person anointing, the substance used, and the result," if he cannot "point out an excellent opportunity for comic acting" in one of Bottom's scenes—well let him be forgiven.

But Prof. Tolman's work is such an improvement upon the silly Fleming stuff of eight years ago that we welcome it cordially.

* * *

Since our May issue Dr. Wallace has found the record of another lawsuit mentioning Shakespeare's name in the Public Records office. Like three of the four formerly unearthed, this suit summons John Heminges as defendant joining here also his partner, Henry Condell. This last unearthed suit arises out of a share in the Globe Theatre owned by Augustine Phillipps. When, in 1605, Phillipps died, he left an estate of about $1,200 in trust for his widow, to herself as Executrix and to John Heminges (or else Heminges was afterwards appointed a co-executor). The widow Phillips contracted an unfortunate second marriage with one, John Witter, who spent all her money and abandoned her after it was all spent. Among other matters John Witter became possessed of this share in the Globe theatre. Three years after the Globe had been destroyed by fire and this share was assessed about sixty pounds for the necessary rebuilding which Witter did not pay, and so the share reverted to the corporation shareholders. When Heminges obtained possession of the share it was a one-fourteenth share Heminges (probably so that Condell could assist in the rebuilding) presents that genelemen with one half of it. Five years after, when Richard Burbage died (whether that event had or had not any connection is conjecturable) John Witter began an action against both Heminges and Condell for this Phillipps share. The suit was decided against the plaintiff Witter. He was enjoined from ever renewing it in any form and the share became the property of the partners Heminges and

Condell. In his answer, Heminges goes into the history of the Globe (as did the complaints in the Osteler case)—recites that he is custodian of the globe and as an executor of Augustine Phillipps, whose share was one-fifth of one-half, and goes over again the history of Cuthbert and Richard Burbage's failure to renew the lease of the play house known as "The Theatre" in Shoreditch, and the consequent formation of the company of which William Shakespeare was a member, to carry the material over to the Bankside and erect with it the playhouse named "The Globe," etc., etc.

As Dr. Wallace will shortly publish all these old pleadings and court records, we do not (further than we have already) inflict upon our readers the old law-jargon. But from this last discovery it becomes apparent that John Heminges was by consent of all the parties, custodian of the company, and kept for them the original deed from Brend, the grant from Levison and Savage, the will of Augustine Phillips, and evidently, therefore, all other papers, documents, plays, and the account-books he mentions in his will. This Dr. Wallace urges to explain how he came into possession of the original manuscripts of Shakespere's plays which he and Condell, in 1623, "collected & publish'd" "absolute in their numbers [poetic form] as he conceived them," "uttered with that easinesse," as they themselves further attest, "that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Heminges is shown also as a generous and careful business man, and as watchful of the interests of his associates as of his own. Not only was he their trustee, but all records agree that he was the business and financial agent of the company. Whether in the numerous later transfers and redivisions of shares necessary to admit new members the company was still maintained as a joint-tenancy or not, it is perfectly clear that it was so during the first six years by the original members. No one of them as joint-tenant could legally will his share. But nevertheless, several of them did, and the legatees were admitted to the corporation. Kempe withdrew in 1599. Pope died in 1603, Phillipps in 1605, Shakespeare in 1616. So Heminges was left sole survivor of the original five, and if the strict letter of joint-tenancy had been carried out, he should then, by the right of survivorship, have received the entire interest of his former associates. These lawsuits prove however, that he did not insist upon his survivorship. But divided the property with the legal representatives of his late fellows. Of course the paramount question is "Do Dr. Wallace's discoveries answer the question that will not down. "Did Shakespeare write the Plays?" While reluctantly confessing that they do not we understand that Dr. Wallace himself has no doubts whatever, and as when sounded upon the matter, Dr. Wallace says,

simply "Wait". We advise readers of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA to "Wait" also, we are sincerely assured, and so are incited to believe for our own part, that developments at present in the air, while perhaps they will not settle the matter to the quieting of all the doubting Thomases, will present such a mass of evidence on both sides that anyone may assess for himself such a preponderance of evidence as to practically quiet the matter for all time.

* * *

GENTLEMEN WHO HARBOR GRAVE DOUBT AS TO THE BACONIAN AUTHORship of the Plays, are still adding to the Ciphers—by which they hope to convince others, if not themselves, of the certainty of such authorship. The very latest to date (the twentieth according to Dr. Morgan's enumeration of nineteen in his autobiography) is announced in "Bacon is Shakespeare" by Sir Edward Durning Lawrence B. A., LL.B., Sir Edward arrives as follows: The well-known tribute to Shakespeare in the first folio, assigned to Ben Jonson, contains, if rightly manipulated, 287 letters. This is a magic number; be patient yet a little. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the clown, we had supposed, was merely talking big when he said "honorificabilitudinitatibus," especially as the word had been used a century or so before. Not so; Bacon is breathing his heart-secret, for the letters may be arranged into the bad Latin and bad hexameter:

Hi lu|di F | Baco|nis na|ti tui|ti orbi.
These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world.

More is coming. The initial letters of the words and the terminals, if put into numerals corresponding to their positions in the alphabet, foot up to 136, which is the number of the page in the first folio upon which the whole word occurs! The similar numerical equivalent of all the letters in the word amounts to 287! Of course, the real test of this evidence is the still more startling thought that such a discovery should have been made exactly 287 years after the first folio appeared." Dr. Platt's reading of the anagram (ante Vol. II, p. 122) was Hi ludi, tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati. "These plays, originating with Francis Bacon, are preserved for themselves (that is, by reason of their worth. But the supply will probably hold out until the crack of doom.

* * *

MR. EDWARD DENHAM OF NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, SENDS TO a correspondent of ours a memorandum as to the name of Buzzards Bay.

In regard to the naming of Buzzard's Bay I can only recall to your

mind the use of words, in giving you the reason of the name. You will recollect that in ancient days that hawks were useless in falconry and were called Buzzards. In that sense Shakespeare uses the name in Richard III, 1.1.133. Being an inferior bird the name was also applied to men of inferiority; fools were called Buzzards and in that use of the word Shakespeare gives it in Taming of the *Shrew* II, I, 207, 208. As a boy I either read or was told that the early English settlers, on our coast, called the fish hawk a buzzard or buzzardet. Great numbers of these birds (which when killed were not fit to eat) infested the bay and shore, for fish were plenty, hereabouts. Their broad wings, slow and clumsy motion gives them the appearance of being more than they are. As they were called Buzzards, and were innumerable in this locality their name was given to the bay which had already been named "Gosnold's Hope." Of course our early settlers were not ornithologists or etymologists: and probably never stopped to think that the fish hawk and buzzard of the South were different. They brought the word from England, and used it as their fathers had done in the days of Elizabeth- "buzzard" for a useless bird: and the fish hawk became a buzzard, and left his name in the water, where he dove for fish. That is how, I understand, the name Buzzards was given to our bay.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Fiske, 216 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, writes in "Shakespeare and Stratford on Avon" (Glasgow, David Bryer & Son; New York, Frederick A. Stokes & Co.), on pages 117 and 209 I find the following:

"In 1663 Sir William Dugdale copied an epitaph from the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, in the Church of Tongue, which was written, he said, by 'William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian.' Dugdale's authority for ascribing this to Shakespeare is unknown, but it has hitherto been overlooked that Milton also believed this epitaph to be by our dramatist, for in 1630 he wrote his epitaph upon Shakespeare, which was prefixed to the 2nd folio (1632).

> 'What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
> The labour of an age in piled stones:
> Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
> Under a star-pointing pyramid?' etc.

These verses seem to have been suggested by the seventh and eighth lines of the Stanley epitaph, which are peculiar by their sudden deviation

into the first person, which Milton seems to have taken as a personal reference.

'Ask who lies here, but do not weep,
He is not dead, he doth but sleep:
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.
Not monumental stone preserves *our* fame,
No sky-aspiring pyramid *our* name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands:
When all to Time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

Interested by the statement that Shakespeare had possibly written the Stanley epitaph, as well as by the suggestion that Milton may have been influenced by Shakespeare's work, I visited Tongue where Sir Thomas Stanley is buried. I found that it is a little hamlet in Shropshire about three miles from Shifnal, the nearest railway station on the Great Western Line. Going out there I found the church and the monument in it in a good state of preservation and the epitaph still plainly legible on it. I wish to ask where the copy and statement said to have been made by Sir William Dugdale is printed and what authority Dugdale had for stating that the epitaph was written by Shakespeare. Can you or any of the readers of your Magazine give me any information about this matter?

Yours truly, ANDREW FISKE.

216 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, July 26, 1910.

We fancy that it would be rather difficult to find Sir William Dugdale's "authority" for a statement he made two hundred and forty-seven years ago. The epitaph on Sir Thomas Stanley is quoted on Dugdale's authority in Appleton Morgan's "The Shakespearean Myth" (First edition 1880, p. 119) where it is said that "according to the Baconian's it is Shakespeare's longest and most ambition work."—[EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

* * *

THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY ANNOUNCES WITH DEEP REGRET that one of its oldest members, the Rev. Beverley Ellison Warner, rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans, dropped dead of heart disease on Sunday at

his home, aged 55. Dr. Warner was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, was graduated from Princeton University, afterward attended Trinity College and Berkeley Deening School. He was rector of Trinity Church, Bridgeport, Conn., when called to New Orleans. With the exception of a short time as rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, he had been a resident of New Orleans since 1893. His church was the leading one of Louisiana, but outside of his church work Dr. Warner was an active and successful worker and lecturer. He was the author of a number of works, "Troubled Waters," "English History in Shakespeare's Plays," "The Love of Shakespeare," "Introduction to Shakespeare," "The Fails of the Faith" and "The Young Man in Modern Life." He organized the Kingsley House, the first settlement house in New Orleans, and the Round Table Club, modelled after the Century Club of New York. He was active in educational work, being a member of the board of administrators of Tulane University and chairman of the Newcomb College committee. In civic work he was one of the most active citizens of New Orleans. He was chosen in 1905 to lead the fight to crush out the yellow fever in New Orleans and his success was one of the great sanitary achievements of modern times. He was at the head of the successful movement to suppress racetrack gambling in Louisiana and a worker in the high license cause. He succeeded in getting laws so changed as to close the low grade saloons and to reduce the number one-half. Archbishop Blenk of the Catholic Church pays tribute to him as "a scholar of real distinction, a citizen of the loftiest ideals, one of the hardest workers in all that made for the welfare and honor of the entire community."

* * *

John Pym Yeatman, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, an Honorary member of the New York Shakespeare Society, died at Birmingham, England, in August, 1910, aged eighty-seven years. Mr. Yeatman besides being a barrister in large civil practice, was the author of more than forty historical books and monographs, devoted to the local history of Derby, England." His best known work was the "Gentle Shakespeare", perhaps the most unique among Shakespeare publications. Mr. Yeatman leased the genealogy of Shakespeare through the Griffith (Griffin or Gryphon) line to Gwyenedd, the first King of Wales. He contended that Shakespeare's will was holographic, that it fully recognized his wife's legal rights and that the interlineation concerning the "second best bed," was a punctillous effort to omit nothing to which she was entitled, rather than as superficial commentators guess, an effort to slur her memory! He stoutly main-

tained that Shakespeare was a true son of the old (the Catholic) Faith and dedicated the last edition of his work to Dr. Morgan, in recognition of Dr. Morgan's recognition of that fact, which he (Dr. Morgan) demonstrated, offered an explanation of many things otherwise unexplainable in Shakespearean biography.

* * *

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